THE TEARES OF THE MARSHALL

d' *Ancres* Wife, shed for the death of her Husband.

WITH THE BEWAILING OF HER natiuitie, and deteſtation of her hainous crimes and offences.

Tranſlated out of the French Copie.

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Printed by *Felix Kyngſton* for *William Arondell*, at the Angell in Pauls Church-yard.
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TEARES

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1613.

THE TEARES OF THE MARSHALL d'Ancres wife, vpon the death of her Husband.

ALack poore Florentine, out alas, what a poore cast-away gentlewoman am I become? where is my essence, whats become of my vnderstanding? where be those most subtile wits and conceits that nature seemed so much to honour me withall? where be those deceitfull tricks and inuentions, that seemed so strongly to charme the soule of her, that should haue been an *Aurora* in the firmament of this estate? Woe is me! they are gone, my prodigies are smothered, the deformed monsters of my imaginations are buried in the graue: so that there is nothing left me but a hope, that heauen and earth abhorreth to the damage of my deuices.

O *Conchini* my deare husband, and too deare to the honour and benefit of my life, it is thou that art the modell of my griefes; yea thou it is, I well may speake it, seeing that being vanquished by the meanes that gaue thee a lustre, I am constrained to accuse my selfe to euery man: for it were to ouerturne and peruert the nature of things, yea to reduce thē to their first Chaos, not to confesse that, which is truly proued vnto me, and I am thereunto fully resolued; and for a remembrance of all my former felicities, nothing is left me but bitter teares, and an expectation of my deserued punishment.

Well, let it come when it shall please the Tutelary Gods of this estate to ordaine it, for my part I doe heartily wish it, and hope for no other mercie then the darts of a iust indignation.

Yet (my *Conchini*) suffer me once more to call vpon thy name, for I shall neuer wipe thee out of my remembrance, hauing none but thee to dedicate my wofull cryes vnto; thou to whose only vse I framed my vseless sorceries, to thee (I say) doe I addresse my selfe, certainly knowing that our meeting will not bee much

prolonged, where we may at leisure discourse of our owne wrought punishments.

My present tormentors are sighs and waylings, teares: and although I daily consider the originall of so many disasters which wee haue produced into the world, so is it that of my selfe I am not able to couer our treacheries, the meanes thereof by iust authoritie being taken from me.

If thou wert a blessed soule, thou wouldest enioy the perfect knowledge of these things: but being where thou art in the midst of darkenesse, thou perceiuest but thine owne wretchednes, and seest not that which thy ambition and mine owne ignorance hath procured to me. But there is no remedy, it is the will of Fate to make me an example to rash temeritie, and that in dying I leaue behind me the Markes of my errors. It is very meete it should be so, for it were to offer mercy wrong, to suruiue, which ought not to permit a further delay.

But seeing it is so, and that the diuine and humane lawes may no longer permit the impunitie of my crimes, and that my charmes and witchcrafts now are of no force in the

world, I must expose my selfe into their hands that are to bereaue mee of my life; and that yeelding vp my soule I humbly craue his pardon, that had the power to conserue me in perpetuall peace.

It is to you great King, legitimate sonne to the greatest King that euer was, (to whom I ought to aske forgiuenes, for so many disloyalties) & yet not with any intent to cloak my selfe with innocencie; but to stirre vp within you some remorse, that such a creature as my selfe should be abandoned to the deceits of infernall illusions. I request it great Prince, true pourtraiture of clemencie, and do beseech you, seeing that with a loud voyce I doe proclaime my crimes, that you would lend a mercifull eare to my petitions: you may doe it, none being able to hinder you, your will and Scepter onely their full liberty, so that it would greatly augment your glorie, to bemone the losse of them that daily procured yours: you haue done an act of your Authoritie and iustice, you may likewise doe another of mercy. I dare not instigate yo thereunto, but it sufficeth me to beleeue you will doe it, hauing al-

waies obserued you to be indued with the rarest perfections, that are necessarie vnto such a great and soueraigne Prince as you are.

And such is now the exercise of the Marquis wife, and the confidence she should haue in her hopes, is nothing but a toleration of an infinite number of torments: for the only detention of her person, in stead of giuing counsell to the confirming of the neereſt of the Bloud-royall, doth so possesse her with what truly is to follow, that she passeth not a minute without cursing her natiuitie, and those that did beget her: and when any sustenance is brought her, she falls to such a rauing, that it seemes alreadie the Diuels haue possession of her: when these fits are ouer, she falls a musing, and lookes to finde somewhat wherewith to deprive her selfe of life, for she doubts with an impatient feare the punishment that is due vnto her. Behold how her triumphs are changed into griefes and despaire, this is the miserable ending of her daies, thinking notwithstanding that this kinde of punishment is no waies equall to the enormitie of her offences.

Like-

Likewise is it most certaine, that the most hopelesse persons, after the fit of their passions be ouer, returne to a serious consideration of that which they haue committed, as if they were not toucht with any kind of affliction.

FINIS.

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